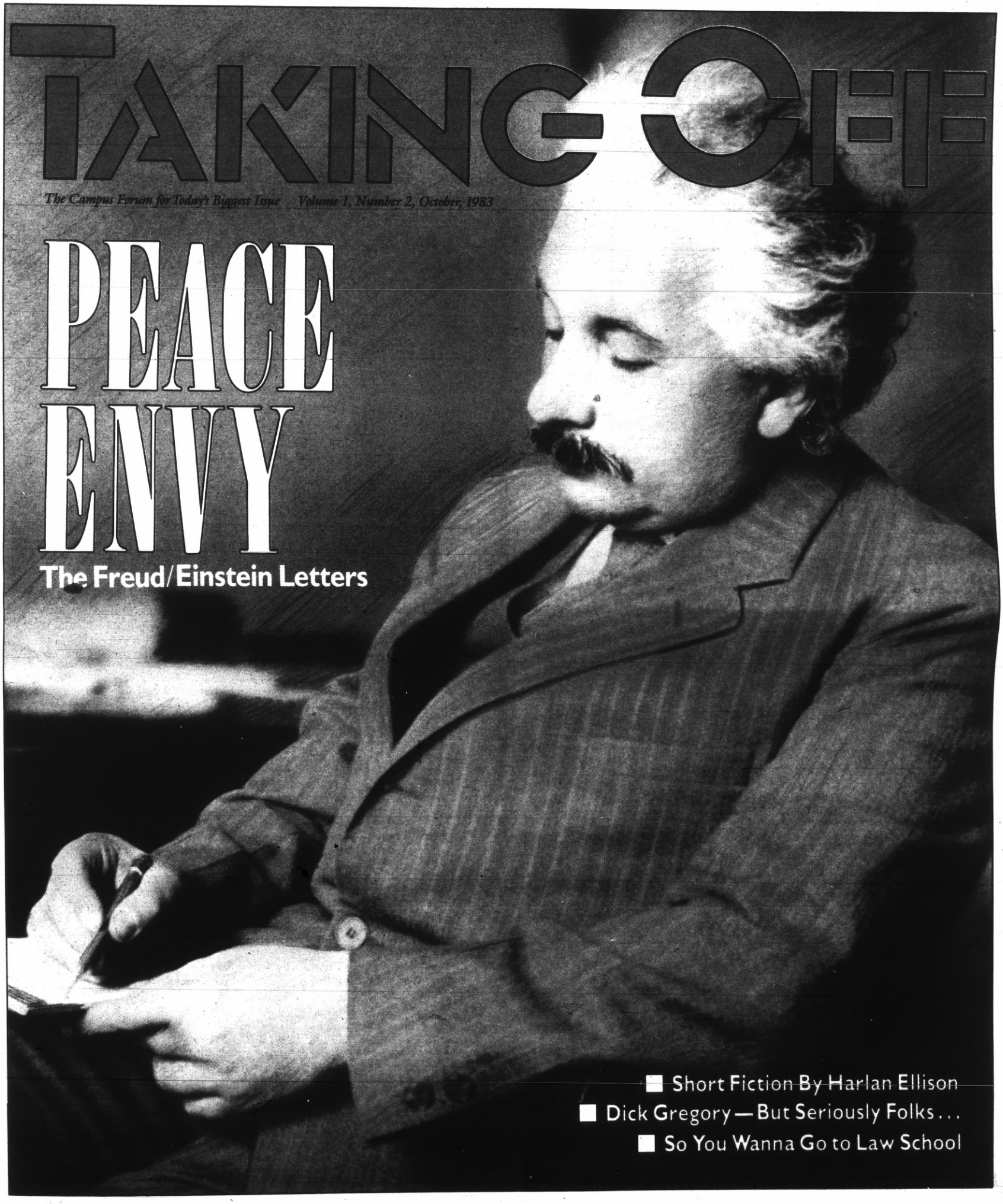
TAKING OFF

The Campus Forum for Today's Biggest Issue *Volume 1, Number 2, October, 1983*

PEACE ENVY

The Freud/Einstein Letters



- Short Fiction By Harlan Ellison
- Dick Gregory—But Seriously Folks...
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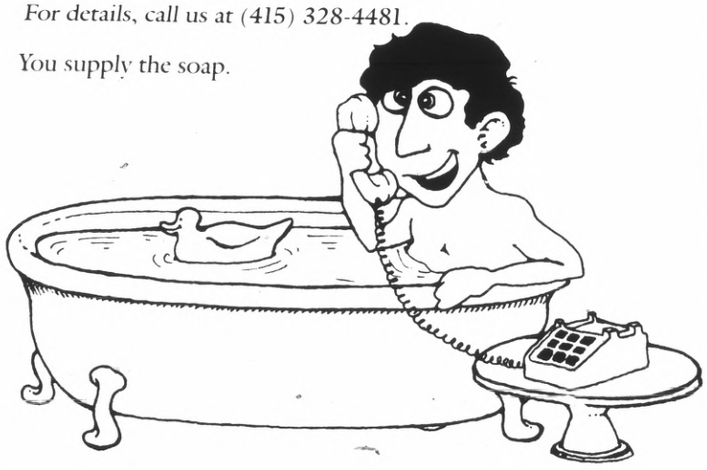
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UC–Berkeley: Oct. 18, 2–5 pm, Pauley Ballroom;
Oct. 19, 7:30 pm, Wheeler Auditorium
Stanford: TBA

TAKE OFF!

WELCOME TO THE SECOND ISSUE OF TAKING OFF, the only campus newspaper insert that gives you more than just movie stars and Donkey Kong. TAKING OFF believes you can make a big difference creating a world of peace, justice, and freedom. Many students feel powerless to affect the course of the arms race, to steer technology, to spread democratic ideals, and to forge a better world for themselves and their families. TAKING OFF is committed to bringing students like yourself the news and ideas that can help break through these feelings of helplessness. With hope is power, and with power is change. At TAKING OFF, you are in charge.

In this issue, we begin with an exploration of how students' intrigue with the styles and mood of the fifties reflects their growing anxieties about the nuclear age. We also feature an exclusive interview with the renowned comedian and activist Dick Gregory, a short story by noted author Harlan Ellison, a no-holds-barred view of law school from a recent graduate, and a feature on how New Wave musicians are embracing disarmament politics. Finally, we have as our cover feature a rarely published correspondence between Sigmund Freud and Albert Einstein on the prospects for world peace—letters so timeless that they could have been written this morning.

We at TAKING OFF are anxious to hear from you. We welcome your comments or criticisms. Also, you can join this effort directly. Please send any articles, short stories, quips, or cartoons you would like to share with one hundred thousand other students. Remember, it's publish or perish!

It's a Beautiful World 3
By Eric Horvitz

An Interview with Dick Gregory 4
Ethic Humor

Peace Punks 6
Kinky sex, world suicide, and sleeping snakes By Chris Walters

So You Wanna Go to Law School 8
By Michael Shuman

The Children's Hour 10
By Harlan Ellison

EMP 13
Electromagnetic Pulse

The Freud-Einstein Letters 14

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It's A Beautiful World!

BY ERIC HORVITZ

Today's youth seems to be reacting to the present and past with a complex tangle of cynicism, anger, and despair.



IT BEGAN IN THE STARK world of early punk rock. Several years later, the same intrigue with the mood, styles and technological artifacts of the 1950's flooded the minds of young people throughout the world. The new fifties fascination, now well entrenched in Western culture, signals the presence of deep troubles at the foundations of the 1980's psyche.

Today, popular rock groups like the Stray Cats, B-52's, and the Blasters are riding the swell, presenting revised impressions of fifties themes and music. Boutiques have become a blur of pink and black, chock full of jumpsuits, pedal-pushers and Capri pants. Everywhere, artists are creating jagged scenes that resemble the covers of 1950's paperbacks. Old wood-paneled televisions have become chic, popping up as central objects in art and dance. New kinds of graffiti have appeared. Stenciled figures such as sparkling champagne glasses, reminiscent of the commercial art of the fifties, are being spray-painted on city walls and sidewalks.

People meet to celebrate the new interest at special night clubs in places ranging from Berlin to Tokyo. The multileveled Danceteria in New York, one of the first clubs to capture the theme, nicely illustrates the phenomenon.

At the Danceteria, guests are greeted with fifties-era sketches of happy carloads of good-hearted Americans, gleefully waving as they fly through space in convertible atomic-powered rocketmobiles. Inside the club, a wide-eyed 1956 Zenith television set stands guard near a cozy fifties-style rec room, complete with jetset lamps, clean-lined furniture, and a convenient home bar. In an adjacent area, past a wall of bottle-glass bricks that could have been plucked from the Daily Planet Building, one can find knots of hushed visitors at the periphery of a late-fifties suburban living room. They surround the folks who have already claimed the available swivel chairs and stare at a set of televisions—each controlled by the same video signal. Here, Danceteria guests quietly monitor a montage of fuzzy recordings of early game shows, bygone political leaders, ominous atomic weapons tests, and archaic commercials, intermittently splashed with colorful electronic art.

Efforts to tease out the roots of the intrigue with the fifties have led to wide speculation. Some believe the fifties styles have simply come back into fashion and represent no special phenomena. They contend that interest has been revived in 50's artifacts because an increasing number of people are rediscovering the apppealing combinations of organic forms and sharp edges characteristic of fifties modernist designs.

Nevertheless, more significant forces are probably responsible for the trend. Standing near the silhouettes of visitors in the Danceteria living room, one can perceive a kind of sarcastic sneering at the fifties remnants. The cacophony of video scenes blaring in all directions creates a sense of drowning in incomprehensible and dehumanizing technology. From deep within the living room at Danceteria and the blue-white scorched television rooms of similar clubs, there seems to emerge an unspoken consensus that today's problems are linked to deep changes that became apparent in the fifties.

* * *

Today's youth seems to be reacting to the present and past with a complex tangle of cynicism, anger, and despair. People closely involved with the revamped fifties phenomena sense that cynicism and pessimism dominate the beliefs and attitudes of young people throughout the world. "Cynical—that's our mentality now regarding everything—they don't take anything seriously," says a designer who helped create the eerie living room mock-up at the Danceteria.

At the heart of the rampant cynicism is a sense of disillusionment with the whole of humankind. Growing pains have never been more agonizing than they are for today's young, who become aware, at progressively earlier ages, of a more horrifying world than has ever existed before. Early illusions about the promises of adult life are shattered as young people become aware of humanity's failure to extend maturity and responsibility to the international arena. Who will keep powerful rulers from misusing the latest technical wonders? Where is the real wisdom to match our technological ingenuity?

Anxieties about unrestrained technical innovation run deep in the eighties. Age-old skepticism about the ability of humans to wisely apply their knowledge and skills has become intensified in light of an increased awareness of the nuclear weapons situation and mounting expectations of an approaching dehumanized, "high-tech" society. More so than ever before, new technologies are being associated with exotic means of exploiting humanity and with new machineries of war.

Perhaps we are only beginning to see the psychological impact of growing up in a time that Albert Camus termed the "Age of Fear." David Bennett, history professor at Syracuse University, mentioned that recently some students inviting him to speak at a symposium wrote, "Please give us something cheerful." "They only get negative messages," he said. "They're the first U.S. generation to have that."

Growing pessimism about the future is reaching into all aspects of society. University humanities programs have dwindled as throngs of students have opted for the "safe," predictable professions. The lyrics of popular songs increasingly are centering on issues of personal security. Anxiety about the future is even affecting the manner in which young people juggle responsibilities of the present with those in the future. Psychiatrists have reported that many students, fearing a terrible future or no future at all, have consciously decided to live more "in the present moment" and are hastily seeking immediate gratification.

Increased despair might be having severe effects on the mental health of young people. Recently published studies show that suicide rates among the young are soaring and that mental hospitals are being filled by huge numbers of young patients, reversing the long trend of decreasing numbers of mental patients. Such powerful feelings might easily dip down to shape more subtle aspects of society like fashion.

For some, the anxieties of the eighties are very much conscious. For example, Jared Hendrickson, a student at American University, recently tapped into his anxieties about technological development when he constructed, as part of a dorm room "gallery," a mobile reaching from ceiling to floor com-

Continued on page 22



DICK GREGORY

Ethic Humor

Religion, the electric chair, and nuclear buildup.



LIONEL DELEVINGNE

IS IT STRANGE THAT A former Playboy house comedian should now be fasting for months at a time in support of causes like world peace and aid for the poor? Probably not. After all, Dick Gregory grew up in the throes of the depression. His father deserted the family when he was a small boy, leaving them so destitute that "when you came into my house, you didn't have to knock the snow off your shoes. It wasn't going to melt anyway."

Gregory's ability to make satiric mincemeat out of the worst of situations is what makes him so special. He was the first black comedian to emphasize rather than shy away from America's racial tensions. As the years progressed, he became more and more aware of his potential role as a moral beacon. He is now a profoundly religious man, and vigorously applies these beliefs to his life. He refuses to perform any place where alcohol is served, and spends most of his time now meditating and fasting.

Though less in the public eye now, Gregory makes clear in this interview with TAKING OFF that he is as much the scathing social critic as ever.

What is the role of the performer in promoting social change?

I think we place too much credence in performers and athletes. Entertainers are not responsible for basic changes. They tend to get involved with what is safe. That's fine—I don't expect anybody to feel obligated to sing songs with a moral message.

What they *can* do is lend their names as a means of getting publicity and money for a cause. But there's a problem with that. Suppose an entertainer gets publicity, gets on TV, and ends up debating with a Pentagon scientist. There's no contest. What the entertainer should do in such a situation is ask to bring experts along with him onto the show, or refuse to do it otherwise.

Even if that entertainer is socially aware?

There's only a few entertainers who can really be said to have social consciousness—Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, myself. I also include athletes like Bill Walton who will make a statement and stick by it, and singers like Stevie Wonder who really get out there and say what needs to be said.

What about comedy? Can it have that kind of impact?

Comedians can make some great comments, but I don't think that's ever changed anything. You never see comedians on the front line. There are those, like Lenny Bruce, Mark Twain, and Richard Pryor, who choose to get involved. But there is a whole different kind of comedy—which is great. Red Skelton is the greatest clown we've ever produced. It depends on where you want to go in life. If you choose to do political satire you take an extra burden onto yourself, and set up limits on the sort of humor people expect you to do.

Can this sort of comedy be effective today?

It all depends on what you're trying to do. Look at "Saturday Night Live"—they took death and made it funny. I don't see anything wrong with this kind of humor. When you're dealing with humor, if you get into something, you've got to touch it all—that's what made Mark Twain so great. Take an honest, ethical standpoint, and wherever it falls, it falls.

As far as ethics go, what are your feelings toward the religious community?

Religion is an institution that has nothing to do with God. Do you think God or Jesus would lead the procession of the man or the woman going to the electric chair, like the priest does? If God tried to get into most churches today after midnight, he'd be arrested for breaking and entering. Also, the Lord simply would not tolerate the levels of nuclear buildup we have today.

But religious leaders seem to be divided on the issue.

That's what makes religion so weak—the fact that you can have two dispositions on the same issue.

How likely is a nuclear war?

I don't think it's going to happen at all. What really bothers me is fear and fear tactics. It works. You get everybody worried about nuclear war and nobody's worried about 41 people dying every minute from starvation.

The problem here is that the greatest fertilized garden is in your mind. If you plant a certain type of seed for thirty years you're going to have to harvest eventually. How long can you plant the idea of World War III in people's minds without harvesting? I think what the nuclear freeze people are trying to do is pull those weeds. They're showing there's no glamour in being a nuclear physicist at MIT anymore.

How can the country best approach the arms question?

The first thing we have to do is stop being afraid of it. For example, the Ku Klux Klan went bankrupt six weeks ago. It's because black folks aren't scared of them anymore. How come we know this? It's because every other Klan member worked next to a black person. When they found out that that person wasn't scared of them, they weren't going to give that organization any money. People will stop funding nuclear war when they lose their fear of nuclear weapons.

Where does the government fit in?

That's the way they're in control. They control people through fear. Russia and America ain't nothing but partners in crime together.

Look, do you really think the two countries are enemies? Russia received a billion dollar wheat deal from us while poor people in this country went hungry. How can you tell me, with all of our intelligence equipment, that the Afghanistan invasion came as a surprise to us, or that our rescue operation in Iran was a surprise to the Soviets, when it was only 77 miles from their border? I tell you, both sides rely on fear to control and confuse the people.

But this same fear has stirred up a disarmament movement.

No, it's not a disarmament movement. All these people want is to get rid of nuclear bombs, which are obsolete anyway. But how can you tell a people after you've spent trillions of their dollars, "we're going to scrap all this"? That's a real problem.

All at once people are saying "ban nukes"—they aren't saying "ban war." They aren't saying anything about conventional weapons, about the new laser weapons. It's time we realized that separating the disarmament movement from the peace movement is an artificial distinction.

Don't you think this could cause some people to drop out of the movement?

It might. But you can't worry about warming the tip of the iceberg when your major plan is to break it all down. When you have to start apologizing and worrying about a movement being weak in the face of a bunch of hoodlums and thugs, you're in trouble.

It's rough. But if we had won a quick and easy victory in Viet Nam, we wouldn't have learned what we did. There would still be people walking around in crew cuts with little American flags on their lapels. Instead, people listened, looked—and they were educated.

It's only when people are shut out for a long time that you really see them say "enough." The civil rights movement grew out of the right to sit on a bus. The nuclear movement is the same way—today you want to ban nuclear weapons, tomororrow you're going to want to stop the idea of space war, chemical war, all war.

How have you expressed your concern about this issue?

I've been speaking out and fasting longer than most people have even been aware of the problem. All the unsophisticated people were saying "Hey, I didn't know about this nuclear stuff—you told me it was OK. You said the Manhattan Project was something from God. You said all those Nazi thugs you brought over after World War II were all right. You gave them top jobs."

People only began to care about nuclear bombs when it endangered their own lives. As long as it was only a threat to everybody else, nobody cared that much about it.

Now everybody's worried about what it's going to be like after the war. It ain't even happened and they got you worried. That's manipulation. It reminds me of the story of the lady who lifted up her station wagon to rescue her baby underneath. Now if somebody had told her it couldn't be done, if they'd prejudged, she couldn't have done that.

People have got to change their attitude. If all at once they got angry and said, we're not going to tolerate it any more, things would start changing.

Even in the Soviet Union?

There's no such thing as "even in." Even in fascist Germany, if you'd seen enough people angry about the treatment of the Jews there.

Blacks don't seem to be too involved.

You can't expect to see blacks get



involved until they make sure the rent is paid. The disarmament movement is a luxury movement. That's not to condemn it—it's just the way it is.

You can't expect to see blacks get too involved until they make sure the rent is paid. The disarmament movement is a luxury movement. That's not to condemn it – it's just the way it is.

What about disarmament activity on the campuses? It seems to be quite low relative to, say, involvement among professionals.

It's there. The very fact that it's there at all is important. If you have five people, that's more than there used to be. Back in the 60s, the hippies were worried about the war, not about nuclear bombs.

What do you think of students in the 80s? Are they as humanistic as in the past?

This generation is coming from a new age. I see them rejecting some of the ideas people took for granted in the past. For instance, they're refusing to take jobs with the defense department and the CIA. That's a really hopeful sign.

How do you feel about the way the disarmament movement has been covered by the press?

You can't carry out a public action and expect the press to ever support it. The press is a one-sided institution—they support whomever is in power at the time.

In 1980, for example, I fasted across the street from the American Embassy in Iran. I was the only Westerner to meet with Khomeini after his heart attack that year. Yet nobody—*Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, nobody—was interested in covering it. Maybe if I'd have said "drink more beer" or told about how great America is they would have printed it.

You just cannot rely on the press to gauge the strength or validity of your movement.

From your experience, what is the most effective way to educate the public on issues such as disarmament, and get them motivated for change?

You've got to appeal to their greed. Show them how many buildings could be built with the money spent to build weapons, how their lives could be improved. That'll get them moving.

That doesn't sound too optimistic.

You asked me what the best way was, not the nicest.

LIONEL DELEVINGNE



ERIC FEINMILLER

Peace Punks

Kinky sex, world suicide, and sleeping snakes.

THE SAME BAY AREA that once spawned the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane is now belly-rumbling with the dark, disturbing sounds of a new generation of bands. These groups are taking stands—hard, aggressive stands—against forces their sixties counterparts shied away from in a haze of counter-cultural psychedelia. At least three of these new wave outfits have found a particular focus. Their music is blunt, blatant, and abrasive. Then again, so is the issue they are trying to address: the threat of nuclear annihilation.

You may belong to the World Suicide Club and not even know it. According to David Chadwick of Defuser, anyone who hasn't actively worked for nuclear disarmament is a member of this heinous organization, dedicated to championing the cause of "historic inevitability." Defuser's first single, "World Suicide," presents the club's anthem:

We're bigger than the armies and we're bigger than failsafe;
Bigger than the sissies and we're bigger than the saps;
Bigger than the nervous nellies, bigger than the paleface;
Bigger than mothers, we're bigger than that!
We want world suicide–all at once!

Chadwick, a burly, chain-smoking Zen Buddhist, sits cross-legged on a wooden slab in the studio of his Agate beach cottage. He seems to look straight through you as he explains the concept behind the song. "Of course it's a myth, but it's a myth that controls the way we carry out our lives. We are all rushing headlong into a giant experience of tremendous pain. The music emphasizes these negative values because that's what is happening to the world."

Although Chadwick has written nearly 1,000 songs in his lifetime, "World Suicide" is the first to make it onto vinyl. In fact, he formed Defuser, a hodgepodge of professional musicians, with the sole intent of recording that song. "I got tired of setting up freeze events," he explains. "I felt like we were all talking to ourselves. I wanted to do something that could really affect people who haven't been involved in the issue."

In the song, Chadwick's warbly voice churns out over an ominous swirl of synthesized mayhem:



ERIC FEINMILLER

We're bigger than those who just want to survive
We promote the solution, and we are winning
We're bigger than anything; we're bigger than TV
We're bigger than the future and we're going to sort of end it.

It sounds a lot like a return to the fatalistic attitudie of the Sex Pistols, but is it really? As he strokes his shaven head and sucks on another Camel, Chadwick tries to defend this kind of music. "It's dark humor, it's sarcastic, it's a different point of view. It's intented to stir up thought, not necessarily to tell you what to do. A lot of people say it's going to do more harm than good. They just don't trust the average person to think."

San Francisco's infamous Dead Kennedys have never been known for their sentimental crooners, and "Kinky Sex Makes the World Go Round" is no exception. From the same band that brought you "Holiday in Cambodia" and "California Über Alles" comes a strange little ditty in the form of a deadpan telephone address to Margaret Thatcher by the Defense Department:

Greetings, this is the Secretary of War at the State Department. We

have a problem. The companies want something done about this sluggish world economic situation. Profits have been running more than a little thin lately and we need to stimulate some growth. We know that there's an alarmingly high number of young people roaming around your country with nothing to do. . . . It's about time we did something constructive with these people — we've got thousands of them here too; they're crawling all over. The companies think it's about time we all have a serious get-together and start another war. . . . It's easy — we've got our college kids so interested in beer, they don't even care if we start manufacturing germ bombs again. Put a nuclear stockpile in their backyard and they wouldn't even know what it looked like.

Of course the song is in the worst of taste. That's the point: bombard listeners with an overdose of reality, and maybe they will get angry enough to challenge it. "It's important to readopt this attitude of confrontation," says Jello Biafra, the band's lead singer. Biafra, as you may recall, received three percent of the popular vote in the last San Francisco mayoral election. He thinks that "Americans are so wealthy they aren't willing to do anything about what upsets them. Our music tries to avoid this 'me generation' ethic which basically says 'leave me alone, I'm going to live my own life, so f--- you.'"

The Dead Kennedys take a different approach. Biafra puts it bluntly. "Our music has a lot of rage. People scream with their whole bodies when they react. When people aren't allowed to vent their rage, they turn into a Richard Nixon or a Son of Sam."

Biafra sees little hope for the "Give Peace a Chance" crowd. "An anti-nuclear event here is more like a picnic. You get Jackson Brown coming out playing this nice, sedative music, and the people in the audience telling each other: 'Isn't it terrible that there are nuclear bombs in the world. Gee, yes it is.' And then they leave."

What really pisses him off is the holier-than-thou attitude American activists take toward punks. "Over here," he says, "people are saying, 'they're too young. They don't know what they're doing.' They're forgetting their roots. In Europe, the older activists who have held on to their ideals are willing to work with the punks. They're twice as strong that way."

It sounds like these guys just want to stir up trouble. The name of their band, their attitude, their lyrics — what is this, a communist plot? Maybe not. "We consider ourselves patriotic Americans," the singer insists. "We were born here, we were raised here, and it's the closest thing to our own country we've got. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights were good ideas — it is just a constant battle to keep people from trimming off the edges."

In a field full of computerized disco rehash, it is a nice surprise to find a modern pop band with serious social sensibilities. Translator's Robert Darlington explains why his group is trying to break out of the "dance, dance, dance" syndrome. "People are tired of having to respond to things in an inhuman manner to keep their human side from suffering," he says. "We look at the reality of a situation and try to put it into terms that people can relate to as human beings."

Translator's first album, *Heartbeats and Triggers*, is a study in what band co-leader Steve Barton calls "a new kind of human politics." "Sleeping Snakes," for example, confronts the listener with vivid, cascading images of a world gone astray in the nuclear age:

On European soil
Footsteps of centuries
Swept in a whirlwind haze
By the hands of insanity;
Stop this missile building
Stop this missile building
Stop this missile building —
Bombs away!

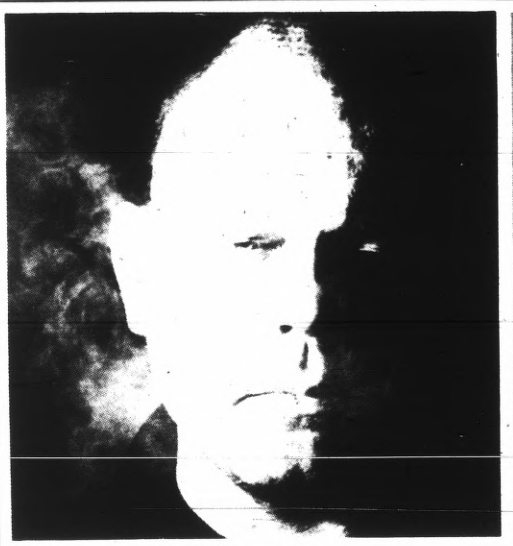
The song's sophisticated lyricism and the double entendre contained in the last line are no mere flukes. Members of the band have degrees in English literature, social thought, and religious studies. They began playing rock and roll together in 1979, they say, not to get rich, but to express their concern for the fate of mankind.

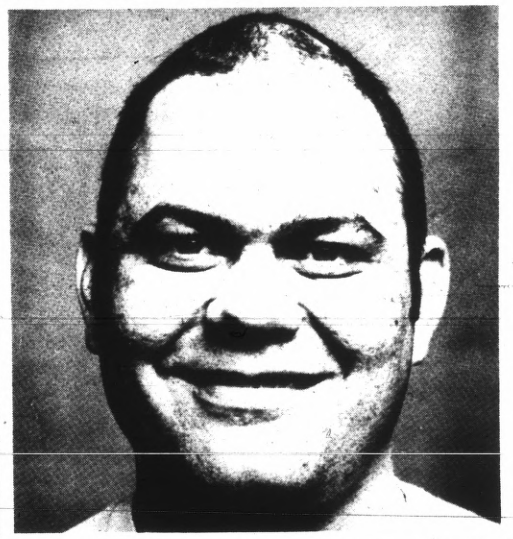
For one thing, they fear that the nuclear umbrella has become a stifling, repressive chokehold on personal growth. "People in my generation were brought up on drop drills and the idea that *it* can happen any day," Barton says. "To me that's a real crime. It takes away all your motivation and reason for bothering to do anything." The band found this mesage so important that it commissioned a video of the song last year. Producer Nigel Paul interspersed computer-generated images of the band with recently declassified footage of nuclear weapon launches and street-level shots of a placid Soviet city to create a stirring portrait of out-of-control development and impending disaster.

Unfortunately, you may never get to see the "Sleeping Snakes" video. MTV has refused to broadcast it, probably because its controversial theme runs against their safe, though often overtly sexual, programming. Other cable networks have also boycotted it. While this angers the members of the band, they remain optimistic about the future of socially conscious music. "As you grow, your eyes get opened," Barton explains. "When the bands who make it to number one begin to come out and take a stand, you might see some change in what gets played. After all, rock and roll can be a really powerful rallying force."

Are these bands really the vanguard of a new rallying force, or are they just aberrations in an increasingly homogenized music industry? In the long run, the answer can only come from one source: you, the record buyer.

(by Chris Walters. Thanks, Eugene)





***Opposite page:** Jello Biafra as snarling savage and as candidate for mayor.*
***Above:** Hamelin Piper (left) and mortal enemy David Chadwick.*
***Below:** The human faces of Translator.*



DEBORAH HENIGIG

BY MICHAEL SHUMAN

SO YOU WANNA GO TO LAW SCHOOL?

FOUR YEARS AGO, I BEGAN ATTENDING Stanford Law School to become a "public interest" lawyer. Despite tireless efforts on the part of my professors to humanize the competitive grind and to liven up the otherwise dry material, I decided midway through my second year that law was so uninspiring that I would probably prefer selling hotdogs on Montgomery Street to sitting in a legal sweathouse making fifty "K" a year. Nevertheless, I also decided to finish law school and take the bar exam so that I would have "the credential." While activities like writing for TAKING OFF now occupy most of my time, I sometimes contemplate returning to law. Today, however, I am satisfied that the most challenging, meaningful, and satisfying work lies outside the profession. In the hope of helping you sort out whether a career in law is right for you, with more information than I ever had, I have written below a catalogue of some of my experiences before, during, and after law school.

Today's lawyers are like the knights of King Arthur's Round Table—the holders of enormous prestige, income, and political power. Consequently, thousands of America's best and brightest students flock to law schools each year to gain entrance to the royal chambers. Perhaps you, too, have thought of joining this privileged caste. If you harbor such ambitions, you should be well aware that you must pass through four tortuous rituals—admissions, the first year, the bar exam, and the career—each of which is a minefield filled with unexpected risks and sacrifices.

Act I: THE CHASE

If you are a serious pre-law, you will have to make a leap of faith—a leap that will enable you to justify blowing off most of those wild parties and pulling all those all-nighters. For me, the decision was simplified by parents' adherence to the great Jewish myth that there are only two kinds of professionals—doctors and lawyers. My parents offered post-graduate financial assistance only if I attended either law school or med school, and since my only science background was a kind of "elementary particles for poets" course, that left law. Perhaps at some unconscious level, a voice inside of me also insisted that, unless I had a better plan, becoming a "real professional" like a lawyer was the best way to ensure a happy, fulfilling life.

For myself and other friends, law school probably was a handy way of avoiding real decisions. Unlike any other graduate program, law school requires no prerequisites, except graduation. If you have stellar grades, a good bowl of Wheaties before your LSATs, and two professors who swear you walk on water, then you're in almost everywhere. Unlike medical school, law schools conduct no interviews where students might otherwise have to explain—with a straight face—that they were only in law for the income. And unlike business school, there is little weight put on professional experience in "the real world."

Law school admissions is the most number-oriented game around. For students wandering aimlessly from major to major, the sudden discovery that their "statistics" make them shoo-ins at the top ten law schools can be the mast exhilarating event in their undergraduate career. This was certainly true for my friend Mike, who used to finish his computer science assignments during the first two weeks of every quarter and spend the remaining eight weeks at the blackjack tables in Reno to pay his tuition. Frustrated with the prospect of becoming a computer scientist, Mike decided that the best thing to do with his 4.27 grade-point average was to try Harvard Law School. After his first year there, however, and after several near-breakdowns, Mike found his niche by becoming a Fuller Brush salesman, where he has worked his way steadily up the ladder ever since. Mike's experience demonstrated that, for even those who like to gamble, law school may never pay off.

Act II: THE FIRST YEAR

Before I entered Stanford Law School, my childhood friend Bob, who was at Harvard Law School, warned me that I should "prepare to go to war for three years." I thought he was exaggerating until during my Stanford orientation a professor warned, somewhat tongue-in-cheek, "There may be times during your law school stay when you will be considering either murder or suicide. If it ever comes down to that, we would prefer your not choosing murder."

Most law classes operate by what's called "the case method," which Harvard Dean Langdell perfected many decades earlier, supposedly while steaming in his bathtub. By seeing how law develops through landmark cases, students are supposed to appreciate better the bases for the law and to think more critically. The method has much to commend it, but its use in *every* class results in an incredible amount of busy-work.

"Casebooks" show what happens when professors lose the verbal centers of their brains responsible for editing. From the author's perspective, the casebook is the easiest way to publish instead of perish. Take a pile of writings, put them in some kind of rudimentary order, edit out a few footnotes, write some bridgework paragraphs, and *voilà*—instant textbook. From the students' perspective, however, the bulk of time is spent neither learning nor spinning original legal theories, but rather engaging in editing the author might have done in the first place.

Because of the case method, a typical day requires about a hundred pages of reading. The load does not seem terribly onerous, except you soon learn that judges write with a style that, if put in pill form, could easily put Sominex out of business. Reading through legal prose is like hacking through thorny underbrush to find a four-leaf clover; wading through a single page of reading to find all the important legal principles can easily take half an hour. But the clock is running, and there is little time for thinking too hard about any one issue.

At the end of each case, "notes" follow, where the author mentions other cases that raise related legal principles. Invariably, however, such notes give you the facts and omit the court decision on the case. Instead, the author leaves you only a citation. Oh what fun, another day in the library looking up the fifty answers that a well-written book could have described in several pages!

Each day, including weekends and holidays, a diligent first-year law student might spend three hours in class and ten hours reading. With a little luck, this student might then have just enough energy left to begin the writing assignment due tomorrow—usually a five-page typed assignment that requires every sentence to be followed by a string of citations that have taken several hours to unravel from the dustiest catacombs of the law library. When other things come up—your Aunt Faye's wedding, a visit from your old best friend, or a family gathering at Thanksgiving—you are suddenly put in the awkward position of having to decide whether to disappoint your loved ones or begin that dreadful, irreversible process of falling behind.

Falling behind is an unacceptable option for first-year students because you never know when you will be called upon in class. As Mr. M., one of my first-year professors demonstrated, being prepared is serious business. One day he called on Bev, a somewhat shy woman from Mississippi. It was immediately obvious that she was unprepared, but Mr. M. nevertheless continued to terrorize her with questions for almost half an hour, until she was nearly driven to tears.

You might wonder how, under these circumstances, anyone really can do all of this work and still enjoy a normal life. Like all organisms in a hostile environment, law students begin to adapt or drop out. Some adapt by ripping out their social connections altogether; several of my classmates were divorced by graduation. I also found it telling that the most successful students in my class were either those who were married (and whose spouses were part-time unpaid associates preparing their dinners and typing their papers) or those who were monastically celibate. The remaining few who lived life as most of us know it simply began skipping classes and reading.

Students put up with this abuse because they want jobs, and to get a good job, they need good grades. Anxiety in my class ran particularly high about grades when we were told that half of us would soon have to cope with the alien concept of being in the bottom half of our class. Grades in law school are typically based on one three- or four-hour exam at the end of fifteen weeks. There are no quizzes or mid-terms, and no credit for class participation. Since even with the assistance of a super-computer a finals-taker could not possibly cover all important points in more than a superficial form, you quickly learn that the entire semester spent learning

Continued on page 21

On Seeing a Former Lover



Before Law School



Mid Law School



After Law School



At Work



At Leisure

My friend Bob, for example, went on to work for a highly prestigious Wall Street firm. Despite an income of nearly $50,000, his hectic schedule leaves him little time to enjoy it. Indeed, on an hourly basis, he might have earned more as a plumber or a mechanic.

Illustration by Mari Stein, from *29 Reasons Not to Go to Law School*, by Ralph Warner and Toni Ihara. Available for $5.50 from Nolo Press, 950 Parker Street, Berkeley, California 94710.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY HARLAN ELLISON



RICHARD SCHOEPKE

Don't say it didn't happen. Of course, it happened! Don't you ever learn? I was *there* when it happened. It was a thing of quiet terror, and in its own way, beautiful. How can you ignore the fact that it *happened!*

The United Nations building stands on the edge of the East River. It is an incredibly thin, wondrous structure all glass and fine stonework. Beside it is a smaller structure, the General Assembly building. If you were to look down from a window in one ef the offices of a building on, say, East 45th Street, the top of the General Assembly building might look to you like a fat man with goggles in a bathtub. The dome and stacks do it very nicely.

But the Secretariat Building, that nearly unbroken face of windows that reflects back the Manhattan skyline on clear days, is nothing humorous.

In it, the work of the world is done. In it, the plans and dreams and frustrations of billions of men and women are studied and catalogued and interoffice memoed. I work in that building.

For the record–and there will be a record, I'm certain—my name is Wallace Edmonson. I am an interpreter. I speak three languages in addition to English: Italian, French and German, all three flawlessly, idiomatically. My job with the UN has been a simple one, nothing romantic, nothing full of intrigue and disaster. I have never been outside the United States, and so my curiosity about the rest of the world has gone untended, save for information culled from periodicals and the people around me.

Unfortunately, I was present at the greatest disaster that ever befell the human race. I'll tell you about it; there is truth in what I say; and perhaps truth will help.

God knows—nothing else will now.

The General Assembly that day—it was a Tuesday, the 6th of June, 1995—was a madhouse. The agenda was up to its title page in trouble. We had ten different, imperative conflicts on our hands, and any one of them could have been the one to start the big war. The *big* war that would make World War II seem like a street fight.

We had been drunkenly teetering on the razor-edge for years. June 25th, 1950 had been the starting date, as well as anyone could remember. That was the day the Republic of Korea was overrun by 60,000 North Korean troops spearheaded by 100 Russian-built tanks. It lasted till 1953 and no one really won. We didn't know it till 1954, but the first hydrogen device explosion had taken place at the AEC Eniwetok proving grounds. In August of 1953 the USSR detonated theirs. Dien Bien Phu and its French garrison fell to Ho Chi Minh's army in May of 1954. And it all began to accelerate. 1956: the Polish revolution in Poznan; Egypt seized the Suez Canal; the Hungarian uprising; Israel invaded the Sinai Peninsula. Not even the establishment of our UN international police force in November to supervise the Middle East truce could slow the rush toward war.

1957: racial violence in Arkansas; 1958: Arab nationalist rebels seized the Iraqi government and killed Faisal; 1959: the civil war in Cuba came to a bloody end and Castro assumed power; 1960: the U-2 reconnaissance plane piloted by Francis Gary Powers was shot down in the USSR; 1961: the terrible Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba by American CIA-subsidized rebels ended in slaughter; East Germany built the Wall across Berlin; Dag Hammarskjöld, our beloved Secretary-General, our best hope for peace, was assassinated in a rigged air crash; nuclear blasts of 25 and over 50 megatons were set off by the USSR; 1962: the Cuban missile crisis, and war was narrowly averted; by the end of 1963: 15,000 US troops in Viet Nam and the war was on; John Kennedy was assassinated; 1964: civil rights workers murdered in Mississippi; the Communist Chinese exploded their first atomic bomb; 1965: civil rights violence in American cities

It was more than panic that ruled the UN that day: it was a sense of impending terror and death that would overrun the world like Genghis Khan.

culminating in Watts riots in Los Angeles; minority white regime took power in Rhodesia; Dominican Republic revolution; 1966: Charles Whitman sniping from a Texas tower killed 14; Nkruma overthrown in Ghana as the African continent began to seethe; 1967: brush wars in sixteen separate locations; my wife and daughter were killed in an auto accident; the 6-day Israeli-Arab war; Johnson and Kosygin met to try to avert further saber-rattling; 1968: *Pueblo* seized; further white-black violence in America; Martin Luther King assassinated; French students rioted and civil violence reigned for a month; Soviet Union and other Warsaw Pact nations invaded and crushed Czechoslovakia.

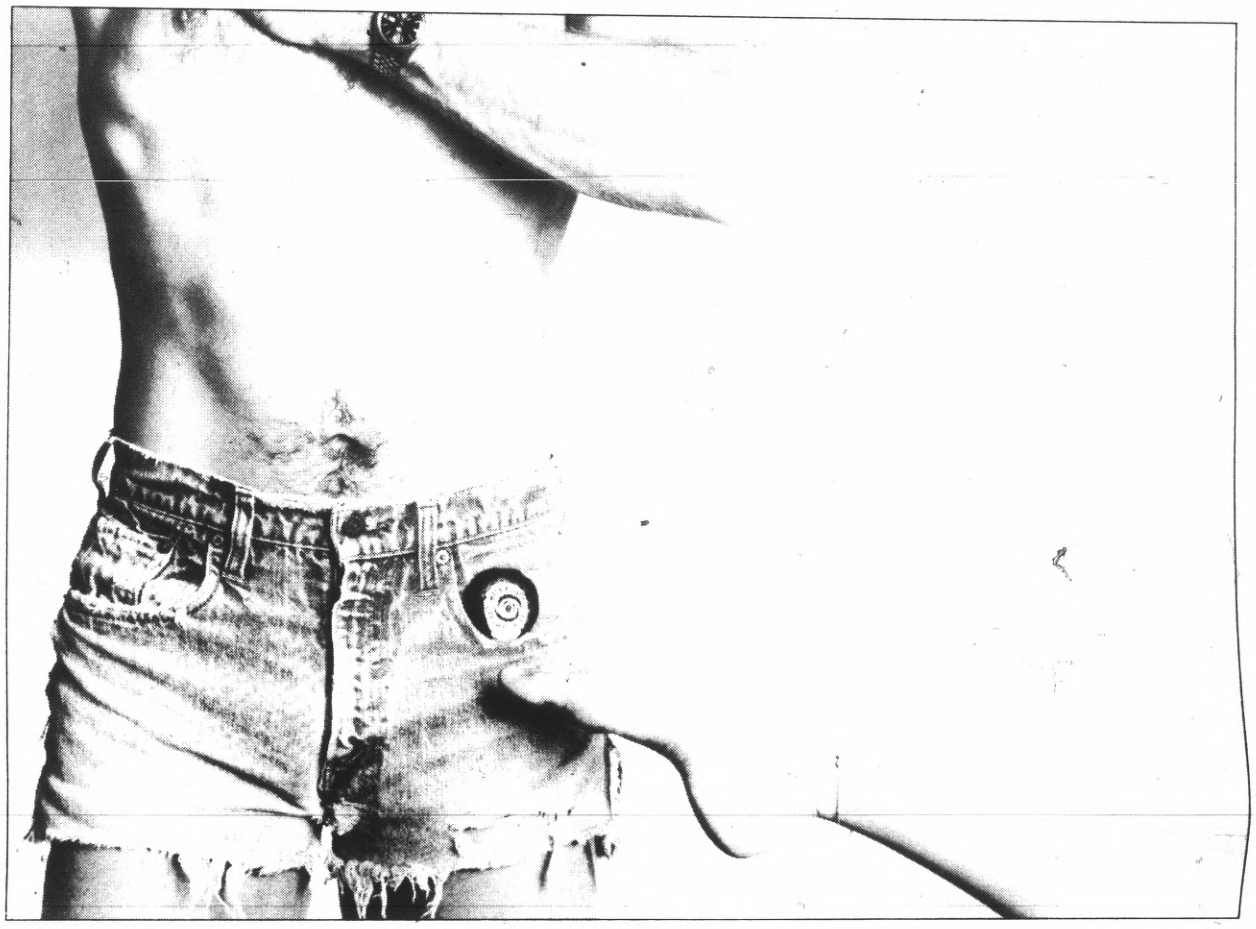
Between 1969 and 1975, a mere six years, the noose was drawn tighter and tighter: two million lives were lost in the Nigerian civil war as millions more starved to death in Biafra; the Manson murders set the tone of the times; civil war in East and West Pakistan; Brazil systematically proceeded with the slaughter of their native Indians; India invaded Pakistan; the religious war began in Northern Ireland; Watergate set the tone of the times; Black September terrorists machine-gunned Olympic athletes in Munich; upheavals and political murders in Afghanistan, Greece, the People's Republic of China and nine emerging African nations; the fourth and biggest Arab-Israeli war in 25 years; violence escalated in Japan, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, the Spanish premier was assassinated in Madrid, Israel and Egypt poised on both sides of the Canal, Iran and Iraq clashed, rebellion in Portugal, slaughter in Turkey, Argentina, Northern Ireland, Ethiopia, Cyprus . . .

And on and on. Tuesday, June 6th, 1995.

It all broke loose at once. The People's Republic of China invaded Japan. The United States sent atomic subs to within miles of the Russian seaport of Murmansk and shelled coast defenses. The Israelis moved back into positions they had recently vacated in the Sinai and did not stop. Six nations

continued on page 19

A POCKETFUL OF FUN...



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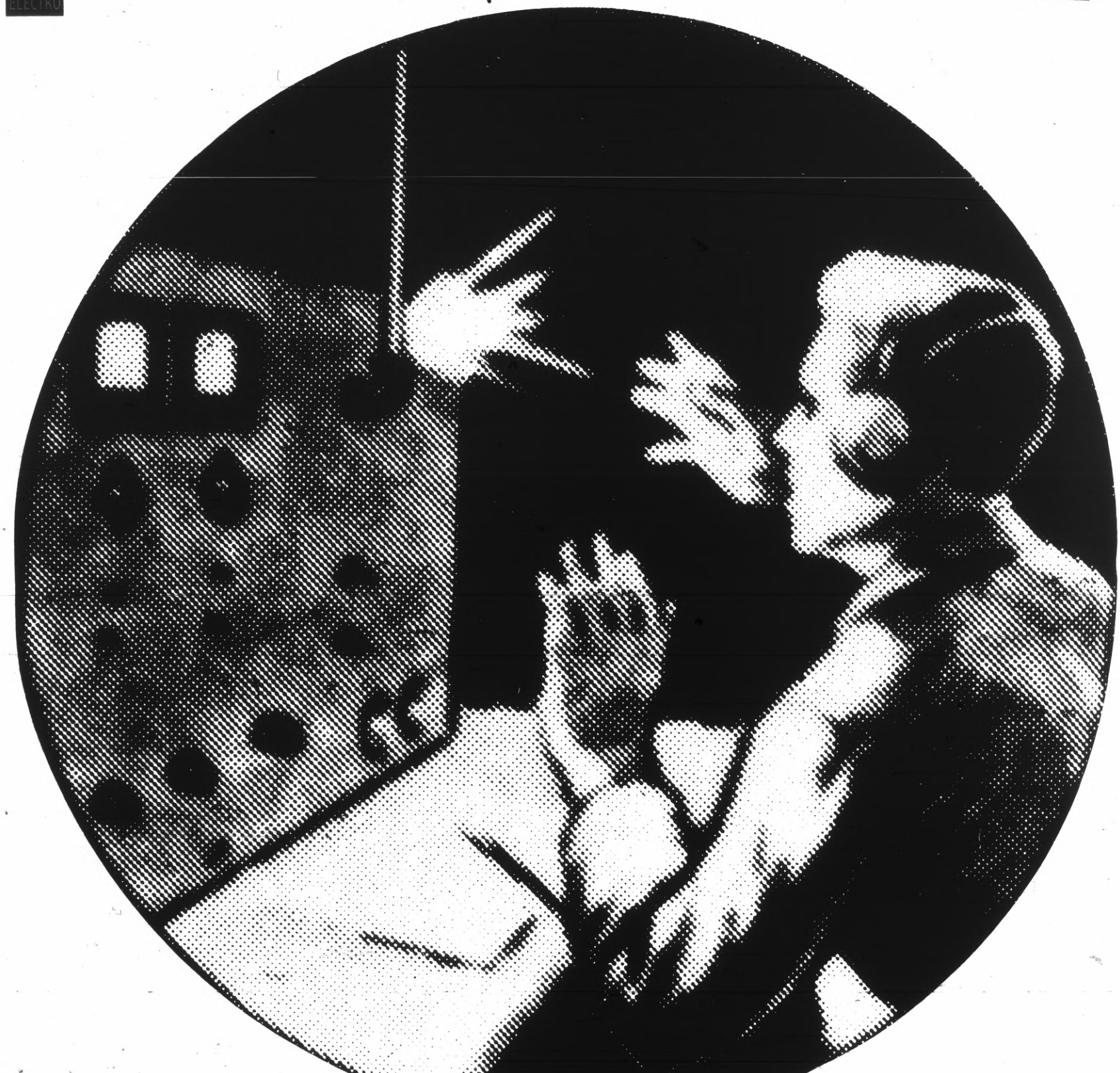


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ELECTRO

MAGNETIC

ЭЛЕКТРОМАГНИТНЫЙ ИМПУЛЬС



This undated Soviet poster, allegedly off a factory wall, discusses the effects of EMP from a low-level burst.

PULSE

BY CHRIS WALTERS

IN LESS THAN A SECOND, EVERYthing goes haywire. The lights go out. The TV set goes on the fritz. The smoke detector starts buzzing. You pick up the phone to find out what the heck is going on, but the line is dead.

All of this and more might happen throughout the nation after the detonation of a single nuclear warhead 200 miles above Nebraska. Most of the energy of a nuclear blast is released as blast, heat, and light. But a tiny amount—one one-millionth—is released as an electromagnetic pulse, or EMP. This electronic jolt is enough to short out all unprotected solid state circuitry in a 2,000-mile radius.

Most modern equipment is vulnerable to EMP. Any large metal object—a long wire, a fence, a pipe, a power line—can act as an antenna, carrying the destructive pulse through all connected electronic components.

The potential for chaos is obvious. Computers, power lines, and telecommunications would all be knocked out. Military command and control systems, which keep tab on our nuclear defenses, would be seriously endangered. EMP might even disable the safety systems of nuclear power plants, initiating Three Mile Island incidents all across the country.

It's a political hot potato. Hawks encourage the president to spend billions on measures to protect against the pulse. Many others contend that EMP leaves the concept of limited nuclear war in shambles. They fear that an EMP blast would destroy channels of rational decision making, tempting both sides to fire off their entire arsenals at once for fear of losing all contact with missile bases later on—the "use 'em or lose 'em" dilemma.

EMP itself is nothing new. It was first observed over 20 years ago, when high-altitude nuclear tests over Johnston Island in the Pacific shorted out 300 streetlights and set off hundreds of burglar alarms in Honolulu, Hawaii, 800 miles away. It is basically an electromagnetic shock wave, millions of times more intense than radio waves, yet less than one one-hundredth the duration of a bolt of lightning. In high altitude detonations of 19 miles and up, the EMP field spreads out horizontally, blanketing the earth in line-of-sight fashion. An explosion over the Midwest at an altitude of 200 miles could send a jolt through the entire continental United States.

You yourself stand little chance of electrocution, unless you happen to be touching an antenna at the time of the blast. Ironically, advanced electronic components—computer chips, semiconductor diodes, and other wonders of modern technology—are most susceptible to the shock, and may suffer permanent damage.

Old-fashioned vacuum tubes, on the other hand, are around ten thousand times more resistant. This fact has strategic significance. When a Soviet defector flew an MiG-25 Foxbat into Japan in 1976, security analysts were puzzled. The Foxbat, then considered to be the state of the art in warplanes, was equipped with outdated vacuum tubes. Were these installed intentionally to protect against EMP, or were they just the product of lagging Soviet technology?

"I wish someone could tell us which, because we'd sure like to know," says Lt. Col. Dale Keller, spokesperson for the Defense Nuclear Agency (DNA). The DNA is the Pentagon's principal arm for research on the effects of nuclear weapons. It would like to find out a lot more about EMP, but simply won't be able to, due to a 1963 treaty banning all atmospheric testing.

Instead, the DNA must rely on simulations. The agency is the first to admit, however, that its tests can't mirror reality. As Keller explains: "EMP has certain characteristics that cannot be replicated, no matter how hard you try." In fact, if some French physicists are correct, EMP can conceivably put out a wave of about 100,000 volts per meter, 60,000 more than the DNA has ever been able to generate.

Despite the lack of reliable test results, for the last 17 years the Defense Department has been pumping billions of dollars into EMP "hardening," encasing vulnerable equipment and communication lines in pulse-proof metal boxes. The Reagan administration is more than willing to front the money. Yet several problems remain.

One is a question of balance. How far can EMP hardening go before it begins to interfere with the proper functioning of the item being hardened? Keller gives the example of a warplane. "Shooting for 100% protection may add so much weight to the plane or so reduce its aerodynamics that it becomes undesirable to fully safeguard."

Also, while individual components of a larger system can be hardened, no one can be sure just how well the *system* itself will perform. The slightest gap in a protective shield allows EMP energy to pour in—and gaps invariably exist, to allow penetration of cables, wires, and pipes.

Military communication networks have been especially difficult to harden. The Defense Department uses the Bell system to maintain contact with missile bases, and many of the links in this system are EMP-vulnerable. In response, the Pentagon has explored alternate channels to launch a retaliatory strike. One idea has been to give officials on specially shielded airplanes the autonomous power to operate missile launching silos directly from the air. The president had four Boeing 747s and the Strategic Air Command an additional two dozen 707s potentially suitable for this purpose. Yet tests have shown that thousands of vital circuits on the planes would fail in the event of an EMP shock from half a continent away. Hardening of these planes is underway—but only against DNA-strength simulations.

The Pentagon's other response to Bell's drawbacks has been to incorporate EMP-resistant glass fibers into communication and control systems. The B-1 and Stealth bombers will both use them, and the Bell system is installing fiber optic lines from Boston to Washington, D.C. Still, fibers themselves are not enough. Telephone calls via these lines must pass through the same vulnerable switching centers and amplifiers as they did in the old system—links which Ma Bell simply cannot afford to harden. Nevertheless, the Pentagon feels that, if they haven't made their command systems invulnerable, then at least they've shielded them to the point

Continued on page 21

EMP itself is nothing new. It was first observed over 20 years ago, when high-altitude nuclear tests over Johnston Island in the Pacific shorted out 300 streetlights and set off hundreds of burglar alarms in Honolulu, Hawaii, 800 miles away.

SPACE WAR

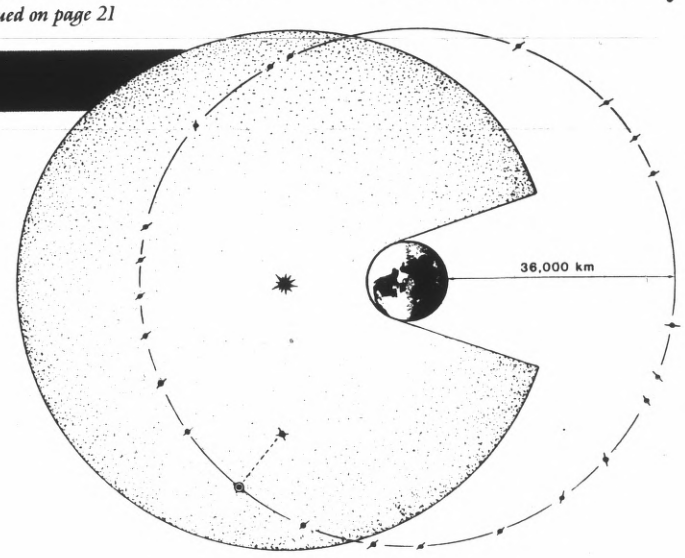
EMP IS NOT MERELY AN EARTH-bound phenomenon. In the face of the administration's new proposal to blast our defense system into space, a special type of nuclear pulse takes on significance which is, well, cosmic.

The effect is called SGEMP—systems generated EMP. When a nuclear charge detonates in space, it sends out intense waves of gamma rays and X-rays. The earth is buffered from these charges by the atmosphere. In the void of space, however, they travel freely for tens of thousands of miles. When they contact a satellite, they create a charge imbalance, inducing current and voltage surges inside. As a result, the satellite's vulnerable innards are incapacitated.

No one knows how to protect space vehicles against a strong pulse. Hardening the outer casing won't work, because the pulse, unlike one occurring on earth, is created *within* the vulnerable component. Rather than recognizing this potential for disaster and taking steps to avert it, the Pentagon has decided to save the problem for last, emphasizing instead the accelerated development of space-warfare machinery.

On March 23, the president called for a shift in defense research spending toward new high-technology anti-missile devices. Two systems mentioned in particular were laser and particle beam satellites. What wasn't mentioned is that these systems would be particularly vulnerable to SGEMP. A large anti-missile satellite would require bulky fuel tanks to stabilize the orbit of the satellite periodically, tanks which could generate strong SGEMP shocks. What's more, these devices would communicate with the ground via relay satellites which are themselves vulnerable to the disabling pulse.

The effects of SGEMP bring into serious question the credibility of the administration's new plan. "It's fine to play all these games on paper," says one West Coast consultant, "but what happens when push comes to shove and we have to fight in space under realistic conditions?" Only Darth Vader knows for sure. ❑



SCIENCE MAGAZINE

Shown is a space war scenario in which a 3-megaton nuclear bomb is detonated some 14,000 kilometers above the earth.



The FREUD-EINSTEIN LETTERS

Is war central to the character of mankind?

Illustrations by Jim Yanagisawa

ALBERT EINSTEIN AND SIGMUND Freud, two of the great minds of the early twentieth century, were also pacifists and strong advocates of international law. Both men admired one another, but usually restricted their correspondence to brief messages on birthdays or other special occasions. There was, however, one exception, as Otto Nathan and Heinz Nordan describe: "Einstein's growing apprehension of a Nazi victory in Germany and the resulting increase in the danger of war led him to look everywhere for co-operation and assistance in his fight for sanity. This seems to be the reason why, in 1932, he addressed himself twice to another intellectual giant, Sigmund Freud. . . . Einstein approached Freud in his attempt to assemble a group of intellectual leaders and, subsequently, suggested that Freud engage with him in a public discussion of how mankind could be delivered from war."

The letters that follow, while published by the United Nations, actually received very little public attention. Yet they offer remarkable insights that are as relevant now as they were in 1932. Keep in mind that both letters were written thirteen years before the first atomic bomb exploded.

As they appear below, the letters are condensed versions of the originals. To make them more readable, we have marked where sentences were edited but not where entire paragraphs were removed. The unedited originals can be found in the ***Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*** *and in Nathan and Norden's* ***Einstein on Peace.***

Dear Professor Freud,

Is there any way of delivering mankind from the menace of war? It is common knowledge that, with the advance of modern science, this issue has come to mean a matter of life and death for civilization as we know it; nevertheless, for all the zeal displayed, every attempt at its solution has ended in a lamentable breakdown.

As one immune from nationalist bias, I personally see a simple way of dealing with the superficial (i.e. administrative) aspect of the problem: the setting up, by international consent, of a legislative and judicial body to settle every conflict arising between nations. Each nation would undertake to abide by the orders issued by this legislative body, to invoke its decision in every dispute, to accept its judgments unreservedly and to carry out every measure the tribunal deems necessary for the execution of its decrees. . . . But at present we are far from possessing any supranational organization competent to render verdicts of incontestable authority and enforce absolute submission to the execution of its verdicts. Thus I am led to my first axiom: the quest of international security involves the unconditional surrender by every nation, in a certain measure, of its liberty of action, its sovereignty that is to say, and it is clear beyond all doubt that no other road can lead to such security.

The ill-success, despite their obvious sincerity, of all the efforts made during the last decade to reach this goal leaves us no room to doubt that strong psychological factors are at work, which paralyse these efforts. . . .The craving for power which characterizes the governing class in every nation is hostile to any limitation of the national sovereignty. This political power-hunger is wont to batten on the activities of another group, whose aspirations are on purely mercenary, economic lines. I have specially in mind that small but determined group, active in every nation, composed of individuals who, indifferent to social considerations and restraints, regard warfare, the manufacture and sale of arms, simply as an occasion to advance their personal interests and enlarge their personal authority.

How is it possible for this small clique to fend the will of the majority, who stand to lose and suffer by a state of war, to the service of their ambitions? . . . An obvious answer to this question would seem to be that the minority, the ruling class at present, has the schools and press, usually the Church as well, under its thumb. This enables it to organize and sway the emotions of the masses, and make its tool of them.

Yet even this answer does not provide a complete solution. . . . How is it these devices succeed so well in rousing men to such wild enthusiasm, even to sacrifice their lives? Only one answer is possible. Because man has within him a lust for hatred and destruction. In normal times this passion exists in



a latent state, it emerges only in unusual circumstances; but it is a comparatively easy task to call it into play and raise it to the power of a collective psychosis.

And so we come to our last question. Is it possible to control man's mental evolution so as to make him proof against the psychoses of hate and destructiveness? Here I am thinking by no means of the so-called uncultured masses. Experience proves that it is rather the so-called "Intelligentzia" that is most apt to yield to these disastrous collective suggestions, since the intellectual has no direct contact with life in the raw, but encounters it in its easiest synthetic form—upon the printed page.

To conclude: I have so far been speaking only of wars between nations; what are known as international conflicts. But I am well aware that the aggressive instinct operates under other forms and in other circumstances. (I am thinking of civil wars, for instance, due in earlier days to religious zeal, but nowadays to social factors; or, again, the persecution of racial minorities.) But my insistence on what is the most typical, most cruel and extravagent form of conflict between man and man was deliberate, for here we have the best occasion of discovering ways and means to render all armed conflicts impossible.

I know that in your writings we may find answers, explicit or implied, to all the issues of this urgent and absorbing problem. But it would be of the greatest service to us all were you to present the problem of world peace in the light of your most recent discoveries, for such a presentation well might blaze the trail for new and fruitful modes of action.

Dear Professor Einstein,

You have taken me by surprise . . . by posing the question of what can be done to protect mankind from the curse of war. I was scared at first by the thought of my—I had almost written "our"—incapacity for dealing with what seemed to be a practical problem, a concern for statesmen. But then I realized that you had raised the question not as a natural scientist and physicist but as a philanthropist.

You begin with the relation between Right and Might. . . . But may I replace the word "might" by the balder and harsher word "violence"? Today right and violence appear to us as antitheses. It can be easily shown, however, that the one has developed out of the other.

The original state of things [was] domination by whoever had the greater might–domination by brute violence or by violence supported by intellect. As we know, this regime was altered in the course of evolution. There was a path that led from violence to right or law. . . . [T]he path which led by way of the fact that the superior strength of a single individual could be rivaled by the union of several weak ones. . . . Violence could be broken by union, and the power of those who were united now represented law in contrast to the violence of the single individual. Thus we see that right is the might of a community. It is still a violence, ready to be directed against any individual who resists it. . . . The only real difference lies in the fact that what prevails is no longer the violence of an individual but that of a community. But in order that the transition from violence to this new right or justice may be effected, one psychological condition must be fulfilled. The union of the majority must be a stable and lasting one. . . . The community must be maintained permanently, must be organized, must draw up regulations to anticipate the risk of rebellion and must institute authorities to see that those regulations—the laws—are respected and to superintend the execution of legal acts of violence. The recognition of a community of interests such as these leads to the growth of emotional ties between the members of a united group of people—communal feelings which are the true source of its strength.

Thus we see that the violent solution of conflicts of interest is not avoided even inside a community. But the everyday necessities and common concerns that are inevitable where people live together in one place tend to bring such struggles to a swift conclusion and under such conditions there is an increasing probability that a peaceful solution will be found. Yet a glance at the history of the human race reveals an endless series of conflicts between one community

continued

The Woman Who Knew Them Both



Yale University Press/Trude Fleischmann

Muriel Gardiner in 1934

Literary critic Irving Howe has called Dr. Muriel Gardiner one of the world's true modern heroines. Studying to be an analyst in Vienna Medical School, Gardiner was drawn into resistance movements when Nazism began spreading to Austria in the 1930s. By hiding refugees, delivering false passports, and arranging for children to be adopted, she saved the lives of dozens — perhaps even hundreds — of people. Her work received the Austrian government's Cross of Honor in 1980 and, many suspect, became the basis for Lillian Hellman's book ***Julia.*** *Since then, Gardiner has described her experiences in the critically acclaimed book* ***Code Name Mary*** *(Yale Press, 1983). In her long life as as freedom fighter, psychoanalyst, author, and philanthropist, Gardiner has come to know many prominent public figures; two of them were Sigmund Freud and Albert Einstein. In an exclusive article for TAKING OFF, Gardiner describes her impression of these two great thinkers.*

There may not be many people now living who have known both Einstein and Freud. I am one of the few who have had that privilege. It is true I did not know Freud well through direct contact, since aside from occasional glimpses, I spent only one afternoon at his home. But in the early 1930s, I was being psychoanalyzed by a pupil and younger colleague whom Freud had recommended, and was taught by several of his colleagues who knew him well. From them all, I learned a great deal about Freud. I knew other analysts who were close to him, and after the Second World War, I became a friend of his daughter, Anna, then living in England. I believe I saw her on each of my many visits to England, beginning in the late 1940s, and twice Anna visited me a few days in my New Jersey home at Princeton. She told me a great deal about her father, and her letters frequently referred to his ideas and incidents in his life of which she retained vivid memories.

Einstein I knew directly, and I am proud to say that, during the last years I saw him, I felt he regarded me as a friend, and we called each other by our first names—something not common in the mid-century. I first met him through Friedrich Adler, leader of the Second (Socialist) International, whom my husband and I had known in Europe in the 1930s. It may be of interest that Adler was not only one of the kindest and gentlest persons I have known, but also a dedicated pacifist. In spite of this—or might it be *because* of this?—he stood up publicly in the Austrian Parliament and shot to death Karl von Stürghk, the dictatorial prime minister, as a protest against his militarism. This was in 1916, in the middle of the First World War. Adler was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted and he was amnestied in 1918, when the Hapsburg Monarchy collapsed.

Adler and his Russian-born wife Kathia spent some days with my husband and me at our home near Princeton in the summer of 1942, and we invited his old friend Einstein to dine with us one evening. There, my eleven-year-old daughter, Connie, asked Mr. Einstein what the meaning of life was. Einstein replied: "Tell her I wish I knew." After this, the Russian sculptor S. K. Konenkov, who had made a bust of Einstein for the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, and his wife Margarita, often visited us. At each visit, Einstein would spend an evening with us. Or if Margarita came alone, he would invite her and me to tea in his very simple home.

It is this personal knowledge which gives me the courage to write a few words about these two great men. In my opinion, and that of many, they remain the two greatest thinkers of this century. Both have had tremendous influence on our civilization, although many people would deny this of Freud, not realizing how much his teaching, writing, and thinking has crept into our own thinking and living and become common knowledge without our even suspecting that it stems from Freud.

I would like to emphasize the contrast between the work of these two outstanding theoreticians and their unworldliness in practical matters, which one might also call naïveté. Both admit this to some extent in their letters. Einstein writes, "[T]he intellectual has no direct contact with life in the raw, but encounters it in its easiest synthetic form—on the written page."

When the Konenkovs were invited, in 1945, to return to the Soviet Union, which they had left more than twenty years earlier, Einstein would not believe that Stalinist Russia was a dictatorship. Margarita, although not wanting to go, would not desert her husband, who insisted on returning. Soon after their return, they had to swear under oath various things, one of which was not to correspond with anyone abroad. Before this, however, I received two letters from Margarita which made it clear to me that although the Konenkovs, because he was a great artist, were treated more favorably than "the people," the conditions were far worse and more frightening than Margarita had foreseen. We had devised a simple "code" by which I would know whether what she wrote was true or should be understood as the opposite. I don't know whether or not she had a similar understanding with Einstein, but when I talked with him about her misery, he shook his head sadly: "She has simply become hysterical."

Freud, in his response to Einstein, states his position even more clearly. Freud writes: "I was scared at first by the thought of my—I had almost written 'our'—incapacity for dealing with what seems to be a practical problem, a concern for statesmen." Later he speaks of himself as an "unworldly theoretician." I know from several examples that Freud was not always wise in practical matters. What stands out most clearly is his failing to leave Austria before it was taken over by Nazi Germany on March 11, 1938. A month before this actually happened, Schusschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, had to make many concessions to Hitler and there was every sign that a takeover would soon occur, although Freud did not heed them. Dr. Brunswick, who had been my analyst, told me in early March she herself would return to the United States immediately. She was distressed that Freud could not be persuaded to leave. She had given the Freuds, and perhaps several members of their family, affidavits of support to enable them to obtain a visa to the United States. Freud also had invitations and letters of guarantee from Engish and French friends. Most analysts planned to leave as soon as they could obtain visas. I was told that Freud did not believe the Nazis would come soon and that, in any case, Austrian Nazis wouldn't be Germans. I do not know whether Freud had other reasons for remaining. Dr. Brunswick begged me to do anything I could do to help them—but what could I do? It was not until June 1938, after many harrowing experiences, that the Freuds were able to leave for England.

One distinguished analyst, a close friend of the Freud family, told of a well-known remark by Freud's sister-in-law, Minna Bernays, usually spoken of as Tante (Aunt) Minna. Although all analysts know of Freud's deep understanding of patients on the couch, his worldly understanding was not always of the same caliber. Tante Minna would often say: "Our Sigmund doesn't know anything about people!"

Human instincts are of only two kinds: those which seek to preserve... and those which seek to destroy and kill.

continued from page 15

and another or several others, between larger and smaller units—between cities, provinces, races, nations, empires—which have almost always been settled by force of arms. . . . [I]t must be admitted that war might be a far from inappropriate means of establishing the eagerly desired reign of "everlasting" peace, since it is in a position to create the large units within which a powerful central government makes further wars impossible. Nevertheless it fails in this purpose, for the results of a conquest are as a rule short-lived: the newly created units fall apart once again, usually owing to a lack of cohesion between the portions that have been united by violence. [M]oreover, the unifications created by conquest, though of considerable extent, have only been *partial*, and the conflicts between these have called out more than ever for violent solution. Thus the result of all these warlike efforts has only been that the human race has exchanged numerous, and indeed unending, minor wars for wars on a grand scale that are rare but all the more destructive.

We have seen that a community is held together by two things: the compelling force of violence and the emotional ties . . . between its members. If one of the factors is absent, the community may possibly be held together by the other. The ideas that are appealed to can, of course, only have significance if they give expression to important affinities between the members. . . . [No such ideas] exist today which could be expected to exert a unifying authority of the sort. Indeed it is all too clear that the national ideals by which nations are at present swayed operate in a contrary direction. . . . Thus the attempt to replace actual force by the force of ideas seems at present to be doomed to failure.

You express astonishment at the fact that it is so easy to make men enthusiastic about a war and add your suspicions that there is something at work in them—an instinct for hatred and destruction—which goes halfway to meet the efforts of the warmongers. Once again, I can only express my entire agreement.

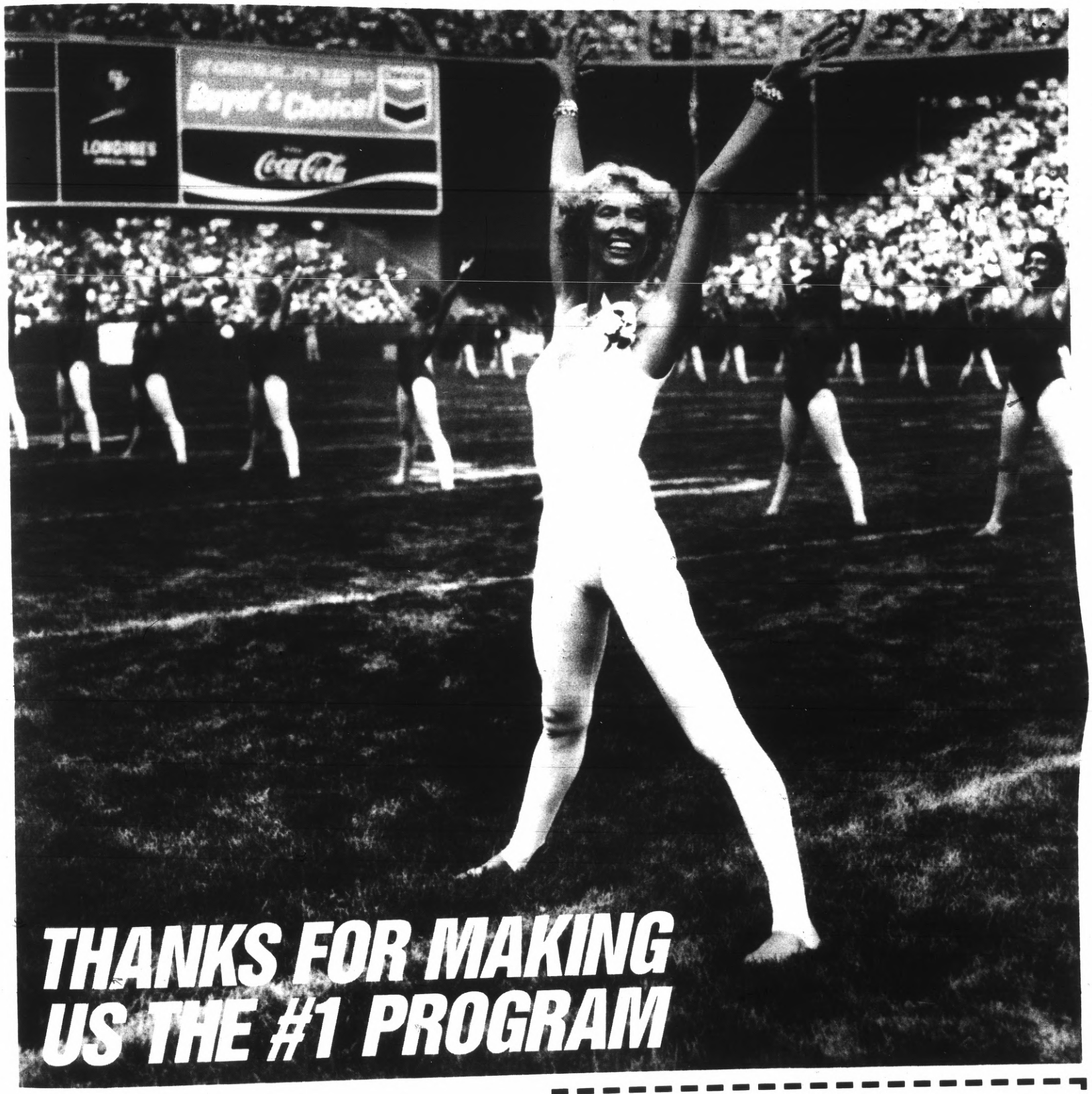
According to our hypothesis human instincts are of only two kinds: those which seek to preserve and unite—which we call "erotic". . .—and those which seek to destroy and kill.

I should like to linger for a moment over our destructive instinct. . . . As a result of a little speculation, we have come to suppose that this instinct is at work in every living creature and is striving to bring it to ruin and to reduce life to its original condition of inanimate matter. . . . The death instinct turns into the destructive instinct when, with the help of special organs, it is directed outwards, on to objects. The organism preserves its own life, so to say, by destroying an extraneous one. . . . [I]f these forces are turned to destruction in the external world, the organism will be relieved and the effect must be beneficial. This would serve as a biological justification for all the ugly and dangerous impulses against which we are struggling.

For our immediate purpose then, this much follows from what has been said: there is no use in trying to get rid of men's aggressive inclinations. . . . The Russian Communists . . . hope to be able to cause human aggressiveness to disappear by guaranteeing the satisfaction of all material needs and by establishing equality in other respects among all the members of the community. That, in my opinion, is an illusion. They themselves are armed today with the most scrupulous care and not the least important of the methods by which they keep their supporters together is hatred of everyone beyond their frontiers. In any case, . . . there is no question of getting rid entirely of human aggressive impulses; it is enough to try to divert them to such an extent that they need not find expression in war.

If willingness to engage in war is an effect of the destructive instinct, the most obvious plan will be to bring Eros, its antagonist, into play against it. Anything that encourages the growth of emotional ties between men must operate against war.

Continued on page 19



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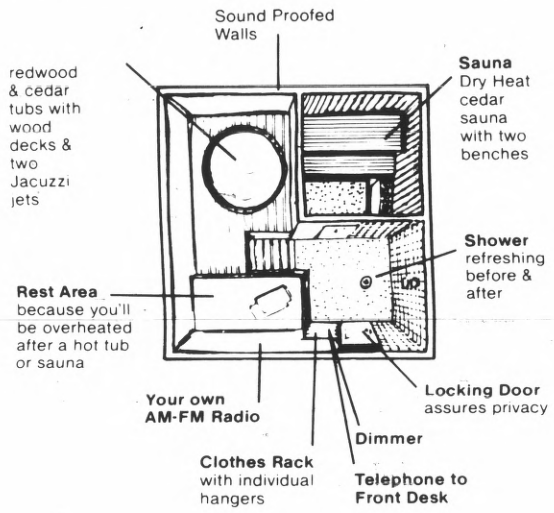
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The Freud-Einstein Letters

Thus I am led to my first axiom: the quest of international security involves the unconditional surrender by every nation, in a certain measure, of its liberty of action, its sovereignty that is to say, and it is clear beyond all doubt that no other road can lead to such security.

Continued from page 16

A complaint which you make about the abuse of authority brings me to another suggestion for the indirect combating of the propensity to war. . . . [M]ore care should be taken than thitherto to educate an upper stratum of men with independent minds, not open to intimidation and eager in the pursuit of truth, whose business it would be to give direction to the dependent masses. It goes without saying that the encroachments made by the executive power of the State and the prohibition laid by the Church upon freedom of thought are far from propitious for the production of a class of this kind. The ideal condition of things would of course be a community of men who had subordinated their instinctual life to the dictatorship of reason. Nothing else could unite men so completely and so tenaciously, even if there were no emotional ties between them. But in all probability that is a Utopian expectation. No doubt the other indirect methods of preventing war are more practicable, though they promise no rapid success. An unpleasant picture comes to one's mind of mills that grind so slowly that people may starve to death before they get their flour.

I should like, however, to discuss one more question, which you do not mention in your letter but which specially interests me. Why do you and I and so many other people rebel so violently against war? . . . The answer to my question will be that we react to war in this way because everyone has a right to his own life, because war puts an end to human lives that are full of hope, because it brings individual men into humiliating situations, because it compels them against their will to murder other men, and because it destroys precious material objects which have been produced by the labours of humanity. Other reasons besides might be given, such as that in its present-day form, war is no longer an opportunity for achieving the old ideals of heroism and that owing to the perfection of instruments of destruction a future war might involve the extermination of one or perhaps both of the antagonists. All this is true, and so incontestably true that one can only feel astonished that the waging of war has not yet been unanimously repudiated. . . . It is my opinion that the main reason why we rebel against war is that we cannot help doing so.

My belief is this. For incalculable ages mankind has been passing through a process of evolution of culture. . . . We owe to that process the best of what we have become, as well as a good part of what we suffer from . . . The *psychical* modifications that go along with the process of civilization are striking and unambiguous. They consist in a progressive displacement of instinctual aims and a restriction of instinctual impulses. Sensations which were pleasurable to our ancestors have become indifferent or even intolerable to ourselves; there are organic grounds for the changes in our ethical and aesthetic ideals. Of the psychological characteristics of civilization two appear to be the most important: a strengthening of the intellect, which is beginning to govern instinctual life, and an internalization of the aggressive impulse, with all its consequence and perils. Now war is in the crassest opposition to the psychical attitude imposed on us by the process of civilization, and for that reason we are bound to rebel against it; we simply cannot any longer put up with it.

And how long shall we have to wait before the rest of mankind become pacifists too? There is no telling. But it may not be Utopian to hope that these two factors, the cultural attitude and the justified dread of the consequences of a future war, may result within a measurable time in putting an end to the waging of war. By what paths or by what side-tracks this will come about we cannot guess. But one thing we *can* say: whatever fosters the growth of civilization works at the same time against war.

(The translations of these letters were prepared by Stuart Gilbert of UNESCO, the successor agency to the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, which originally published the letters in the pamphlet ***Why War.****)*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

declared war on Israel.

It was as if a platoon of giants had suddenly gone mad. And as if . . . if it was going to be war, then all the little countries, all the secondary powers . . . they wanted their shares.

Everyone attacked everyone else. Suddenly, the world was one vast battlefield, from pole to pole. From South Africa to Tanzania, from Somalia to Ghana, the African continent was aflame with black and white tearing out each other's throats. Russia, even while massing its defenses in the north, moved on Finland in the west. Argentina invaded Chile.

Who could doubt: it was the apocalypse.

Madness prevailed. Men who had formerly been cool and logical now screamed for the death and destruction of the men and states that would kill *them* if given the chance.

It was more than panic that ruled the UN that day: it was a sense of impending terror and death that would overrun the world like nothing since the hordes of Genghis Khan. Every man there was stark of face; every face there held threats and warnings and accusations and most of all—fear.

The Secretary General—a Latvian named Rezekne—used his gavel, and the session was brought to order. I won't trouble with the affairs that were taken up during the first two hours, except to note that the Russian delegate made a surprise move and did *not* walk out when the Ethiopian representative made his appeal for justice and peace for his land. What happened during those first two hours does not matter any longer.

I was translating M. Louperc's harangue against the German Triumvirate, a few minutes into the third hour of the session, when we all heard a great sound from the hall outside the chamber. I was not alone in hearing it; heads began to turn in the delegations as the sound grew louder. M. Louperc stopped speaking, and turned to the men beside him for some explanation. I saw Montgomery of England spread his hands in confusion. I took off my earphones, and stood up so I could see through the window of my booth more clearly, and just then the huge doors at the rear of the chamber flew open, and they came in, by the hundreds.

I might have expected anything.

Striking workers, or invading Martians or conquering armies, any of them might have seemed apropos. But not what came through that door.

Children.

Of all sizes and colors, clad in every conceivable style of ethnic dress, all different, but none older than ten or twelve, as best I could tell; and the only thing they shared beyond their presence in that hall was their solemnity. There was not one smile, one laugh, no jostling or childish games as they flooded into the General Assembly chamber. Some time I will ponder at length on how they got together. There were obviously Berber children and French schoolgirls and fur-clothed children from Lapland and little imitation cossacks from the Steppes in that great herd. How they got together, perhaps no one will ever know; how they got to the UN buildings, perhaps no one will ever know.

But there they were, and they were jammed into the aisles with their faces quite clean, and their eyes quite bright, and their little hands quite still.

They were quietly terrible. For these were not the children we had known; there was no singing among them, and no whispering, and no giggling between even the closest friends, and no shying of eyes and no shuffling of feet.

They stood very still, and they looked at the Secretary General.

Then one of them came forward. It is fitting that I tell this story; I knew the child who came forward. My name is Wallace Edmondson, and the child was mine. My son, Barry. Ten years old; who had been reading comic books the night before, and—yes, now that I thought of it—looking at his toybox full of guns and war weapons with a strange light in his eyes. My son, Barry, who now walked forward and mounted the steps to the speaker's platform.

I could not speak. I could only watch, as all the others watched, as this one child from among so many went to the front of the chamber and climbed those stairs.

When he was behind the speaker's podium and had taken down the microphone and had moved aside—for the podium quite blocked him from sight—he began to speak.

This is what he said . . . and I interpreted into German, as my colleagues interpreted into other languages.

"We want you to stop fighting. We are scared, and we have waited and waited, but no one will do anything. If you knew how you scare us all the time with your fighting, you wouldn't do it. But you do, and we are here to tell you, if you don't stop right now, right away, we are leaving."

That was all Barry said.

He put down the microphone, and he left the platform, and the children began to mill around as he descended. Then he joined them and, as a unit, they left the General Assembly chamber.

In a few minutes, they were gone, as quickly as they had come.

What happened next was pandemonium. A pandemonium of laughter. The Russian delegation began, and in a few moments it had spread till the entire room was a bonfire of mirth. The Russians begged to speak and when their representative rose he said this was a poor, shabby trick for the Americans to pull, and that it changed no one's mind, except that perhaps the Yankees were greater fools than the world had thought.

The US representative accused the Russians.

The Chinese accused the British.

The French accused the Germans.

Bedlam was the order of the day.

And the next day . . .

And the next . . .

But on the fourth day, there was no bedlam, because the wars in Europe, Africa and Asia simultaneously escalated. They didn't last long, however. On the same day, wherever anyone might have been . . . whether in a bathtub, or in a desert, or in a jungle, or on a mountaintop, they heard the sounds.

The sound that came from everywhere, and nowhere and no place all at the same place. The sound that might have been monstrous ships of space, though no one ever saw them, or saw fire trails in the sky, or anything else. The sound that might have been space tearing and shifting and warping to allow passage.

The sound might have been anything.

Though no one cares too much to find out; no one has been able to think straight since it happened.

On that day, they left.

Where, we do not know. How, we do not know. But they made good their warning. We played the Pied Piper, and we played the wrong tune.

Our children have gone.

It has been a long, long time, and I have not seen my son. It was inevitable that there would be no *more* sons . . . or daughters . . . no children born; that seems to fit, ironically.

We have no children, and we miss them, but we haven't too much time to worry about it now. After all, there *is* a war on.

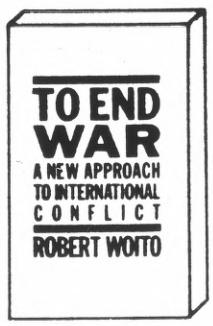
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EMP

Continued from page 13

where the Soviets could never *rely* on knocking them out.

Our civilian sector, on the other hand, is nowhere near as safe. James Kerr is the chief researcher for the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), the government organization in charge of civil defense. According to Kerr, "A high altitude attack could put at risk the 48 continental United States at a single burst."

What's worse, few people seem to care. "I think, basically, that the civilian industry per se has very little regard for EMP," says Bill King, an EMP-shielding analyst. "I guess their theory is 'Hell, if we're going to be under nuclear attack, why should I be worried about my computer file?'" Kerr sees the same problem, but for a different reason: "When people have a flood coming down the river," he says, "they start to worry about sandbags. Otherwise, they don't give it a second thought." The bottom line, of course, is money. Shielding is expensive, and, unless a nuclear war actually occurs, it is completely worthless.

Public mass communications may be an exception to the problem. FEMA has hardened over 200 radio stations against EMP, and is in the process of equipping many with backup power supplies. These stations comprise the Emergency Broadcasting System, and cover nearly half the nation. Also, most American households have transistor radios, which, because of their isolation from long antennae and powerlines, are more resistant to EMP effects.

Telecommunications are quite another matter. Very few civilian phone lines have been hardened, and Bell sees little reason to do so. As one spokesman for the corporation explains: "In the event of a nuclear attack, are you really that anxious to call your mother in Detroit?" Maybe not, but you may be interested in contacting the fire department, the police, or your nearest FEMA office. "Only the government's system has been hardened," the Bell spokesman responds. "That's the Pentagon's choice."

Power networks remain the biggest problem area. According to the FEMA *Attack Environment Manual:* "The cumulative weight of EMP effects . . . makes likely widespread power failure on a national scale at the very beginning of a nuclear attack." Power companies rely on lightning arresters to protect sensitive circuitry from sudden jolts. Unfortunately, EMP can shoot through these arresters well before they have a chance to trip circuit breakers. As a result, power stations would have to shut down. "And you're talking 12 to 24 hours to get them back on line," says King.

Considering this range of problems, it is surprising that EMP has only recently come to the forefront in the political arena. So far, the debate has focused mainly on military rather than civilian protection. Hardliners, who have successfully shifted America's defense strategy to emphasize the survivability and even winnability of a limited nuclear war, deem it essential that billions more be slated for EMP hardening. They also think that the Soviets were way ahead of us in the "EMP race" when the 1963 test ban went into effect. As H-bomb physicist Edward Teller sees it, "We insist that our citizens remain ignorant . . . while we have every reason to believe that our adversaries . . . are well informed on the subject." Teller and others would have us break the atmospheric test ban treaty to "catch up" with the Soviets on EMP research.

Arms control advocates could not disagree more. Breaking the ban, they say, would undermine one of the few true advances made so far in effective arms stabilization. They feel the hardliners' stance is unrealistic and dangerous, because EMP makes the concept of limited war specious. "Regardless of the flexibility embodied in individual components," writes Brookings Institution senior researcher John D. Steinbrunner, "the precariousness of command channels probably means that nuclear war would be uncontrollable, as a practical matter, shortly after the first tens of weapons are launched." For these people, diplomacy and effective arms reduction negotiations are the only reliable ways of preventing EMP-induced mayhem.

There are no immediate answers. The debate will remain deadlocked indefinitely, if only because no concrete data exist to back up either side. In the meantime, the hardening budget continues to grow. And you're just as vulnerable as ever.

LAW SCHOOL?

continued from page 9

the facts of cases, the little notes, and the professor's pet theories was completely wasted. What should have been learned, instead, was the "black letter" law, which is so basic that your professor probably never covered it. And to know that, you could have as easily absorbed it all from the canned outlines on sale at the bookstore.

By the second semester, perhaps a quarter of the students wised up to the grading system and stopped attending class. By the second or third year, attendance was just a trickle. If this seems like a waste of good professors' and good students' time, you're right. But it's a natural response to the grading system and the workload. There's no payoff for class participation; indeed, a diligent attender of classes loses fifteen or so hours each week playing law professors' classroom games while other students doggedly read all of the important stuff outside of class. One of my favorite teachers, Mr. C., once confided that the highest scorer on one of his finals—who missed a perfect score by a single point—was a student who attended class only once. "How did you do it?" Mr. C. asked. The student replied, "If I hadn't come to class that one day and let you confuse me, I wouldn't have missed that other point."

After *Paper Chase* sent Harvard's Kingsfield to a long, reflective sabbatical, most of the Socratic tyrannosauri at Stanford and other law schools began moving toward extinction. But Stanford still has a few left, and seems to spread them around carefully so that every first-year student has at least one "challenge" each semester. During my first semester, the token tough guy was Mr. F. I later discovered that Mr. F. is really as sweet as a pussycat, but apparently he thought that first-year students deserved special treatment. When we discussed the final exam, we asked which of the several hundred cases we studied might be emphasized. "Everything," Mr. F. boomed. Mr. F. also told those of us who had not joined study groups that we "were in real trouble," so scaring one of my classmates that he dropped completely out of sight for a year.

By the end of the first year, you are convinced that the worst is over. For many it is, but it's only because you have begun to cope with the system by numbing yourself to it. By the time you graduate, you've learned to deem the outrages of work and professors as par for the course.

Act III: THE BAR EXAM

As the advertisements for *Jaws II* used to proclaim, "Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the water. . . ." Before you can practice law, you must pass the bar exam, a ritual that may someday appear in the Smithsonian Museum alongside the rack, the guillotine, and other cruel and unusual punishments. Particularly Neanderthal is California's bar exam, which prides itself on failing between a half and three-quarters of all takers at each administration (most states "only" fail a quarter).

To apply for the California bar, you must submit several sets of police-taken fingerprints, the names and addresses of a half-dozen character witnesses, and the location of your every residence since the age of sixteen. The fee for this investigation and the privilege of taking the exam can be over $200, which is larger than the fee a large corporation must pay to get established in the state.

Every aspect of the California bar exam seems deliberately designed to maximize anxiety. For example, the rule booklet warns: "Applicants using electric typewriters must be prepared to continue the examination by writing or by some other method in the event of any power failure, whether the failure is widespread or limited." The warning is not only insidious, but also logically irrelevant, since a power failure would also kill the lights for writing by. So inflexible are these rules that, a few years back, when a bad auto accident closed the Oakland-to-San Francisco bridge and stranded the entire Boalt contingent of test takers, the examiners decided it better to fail the whole lot instead of briefly delaying the exam.

The BAR/BRI bar-prep course, one of the biggest around, also has a psychologist lecture every week on how to do the impossible—relax for the exam. One day, I arrived at the course late, and found a room full of law grads with their eyes closed, chanting mantras. The visiting psychologist was undaunted by latecomers; he was on videotape. Another acquaintance explained to me his plans to start his own bar prep company that would put students in a padded room, and give them sunglasses and carefully measured doses of LSD. So paranoid are bar takers that I'm sure he would find plenty of business.

What is most galling about the bar exam is that it is merely an exercise in memorization and regurgitation that bears little resemblance to the day-to-day job of lawyering. Much of the content is irrelevent; a large number of property law questions, for example, deal with questions rendered obsolete by title insurance companies. Likewise, the format of the exam—closed-book—has little to do with the intensive open-book research any decent lawyer must conduct for every case. Indeed, failure to open a book when advising a client may very well be grounds for malpractice.

Ever since Watergate, most states have also had a "professional responsibility" section on their bar exams. While "ethics" to most people means how to act justly, to lawyers it means how to limit entry into the profession, how to dissuade citizens from resolving their disputes without lawyers, and how lawyers should not advertise. For me, the passing strategy was to approach every uncertain question by choosing the answer that would best bolster lawyers' income.

Act IV: THE CAREER

The saddest footnote to the life of a lawyer is that the "grind" doesn't end either at the moment of law school graduation or after the bar. Many of my young lawyer friends now work eighty-hour weeks. My friend Bob, for example, went on to work for a highly prestigious Wall Street firm. Despite an income of nearly $50,000, his hectic schedule leaves him little time to enjoy it. Indeed, on an hourly basis, he might have earned more as a plumber or a mechanic. And these economics ignore, of course, the physical costs of later ulcers, hypertension, and early death. They also ignore the psychic costs of losing one's friends, straining one's marriage, and never knowing one's children.

The hellish work schedule of a young lawyer does not necessarily ease up in later years. Entry into a law firm is usually the beginning of a new competition–for partnership, and then senior partnership. At every stage, the young lawyer is competing to bill the most hours, to win the most cases, and to bring in the most new business. The work may be challenging, but it rarely involves Perry Mason pyrotechnics. Most lawyers work long, hard hours behind desks, poring over reams of the very same cases and statutes they found so boring in law school.

Perhaps you are convinced that you can use law to save the world. Well, it can happen, but for most, forget it. Perhaps half of my class went into law school with aspirations of working in the "public interest"; by graduation, however, the number had dropped to less than two percent. Many of my friends with good hearts tossed in the towel because they thought they deserved some monetary reward for their law school suffering. Most also felt they had little choice but to pursue corporate law to make ends meet; students at private law schools can easily graduate more than $30,000 in debt. Many promised themselves that the cushy corporate life would only be temporary, but the reality is that soon marriage, kids, a mortgage, and a thousand other commitments demand regular financial attention. Once you get used to a $75,000 per year salary, dropping to something a quarter that size in the "public interest" is unthinkable. Thus, most students who enter law with bold ambitions for bettering the world find themselves, years later, helplessly trapped in a profession that, despite its high pay, is both intellectually and emotionally unsatisfying.

Harvard President Derek Bok recently warned that today's law schools are effecting a "massive diversion of exceptional talent into pursuits that often add little to the growth of the economy, the pursuit of culture, or the enhancement of the human spirit." Bok and others recognize that the study and practice of law need not be such an unpleasant experience, relegated to a remote, inaccessible cadre of knights. For example, law schools can be humanized, the bar exam can be put back into its Medieval closet, and the profession can commit itself to serving more people more of the time. But until these real reforms begin, being a lawyer is no guarantee for the "good life." If you are really serious about devoting your life to law, do yourself a favor and attend a few law classes and spend a couple of days in a law office. Law may be for you, but you should be sure you really know it before investing tens of thousands of dollars and the rest of your life. ❑



It's a beautiful world!

Continued from page 3

posed of the twisted carnage of the innards of televisions and electrical appliances. Piercing the mobile was a large bloodstained cross marked, "No good. No Future." For most, however, the anxieties may remain subconscious, having hidden effects on general mood, sense of humor, time management, and career decisions. Though they are not consciously known, they may be powerful selectors of style and may guide the creation and determine the success of a fashion or fad.

* * *

The mood and artifacts of the fifties have become particularly ripe targets for the direction of increasingly powerful feelings of anger and disappointment with the state of affairs.

The fifties was a paradoxical decade. At one level, the fifties was a time of brash optimism that happy times were just around the corner. A parade of modern wonders fueled anticipation of coming beneficent change. If engineers could make the farfetched picture-transmitting devices seen in Flash Gordon serials into home "TV's," they could do anything. Surely, life would soon be a dream if technological wizardry could be enslaved.

Below the superficial happy-go-lucky existece, however, ran undercurrents of fear about unknowns that might rise from the cauldron of explosive change. Technological innovations were startling. Perhaps for the first time they were sensed as hurtling beyond control. The dazzling first televisions rumbled with a celebration of technology that also brought profound new horrors to the planet. Grand deployment of the new Hydrogen Bomb, the ceaseless Cold War, and the absence of wise leaders created deep anxieties that were only marginally soothed by the white-enameled comforts of a 1957 "Kitchen of the Future" or the grandiose promises of General Electric's "Citizen Atom" brochures.

* * *

Why are the fifties fashions being embraced? Today's interest in the fifties seems to be driven by disappointment with the present and fear of the future. It seems that trend-setters have become sensitive to the upswing in the development of technological horrors that lurked beneath the apparent security of the fifties and view that time as the direct ancestor of today's upsetting world. They seem to be taking pleasure in juxtaposing the fifties with the eighties to showcase frightening trends and to affirm their sense that a dismal future awaits.

Some people see parallels between the unrealized hopes of the fifties and their own crushed dreams. Young adults who anticipate nightmarish futures may become intrigued with the faded fifties "gleam of tomorrow." In light of diminished expectations, there seems to arise a drive to poke fun at symbols of unbridled hope. As the fifties artifacts might be viewed as symbols of the promise of technology for society, they could have been first cultivated by disenchanted youths of the eighties for amusement purposes. Thus, the present interest may be based in a sarcastic reaction to the incredible naïvete and optimism of the fifties.

Even the fascination with the contours of fifties artifacts might be driven by something more than simple association or pure aesthetics. Analysts have speculated that the design of the fifties was a wishful attempt to forge horrifying technologies into friendly household objects. Atomic energy, interstellar rockets, and alien beings could all be domesticated through beaded-wire lamps, winged cars and biomorphic television sets. Perhaps today's youth have somehow decoded the unsettling mix of fear and starry-eyed hope implicit in the artifacts.

What do the devout fifties revivalists think about all this conjecture? As one might expect, many have little concern for the world of the intellectual. Perhaps they would agree with Rudolph, the owner of the Danceteria. "You can take it just the way it is or you can interpret what it means and have a good time thinking about it."

"We didn't live in the good old days," Rudolph explains, "we just heard of them."

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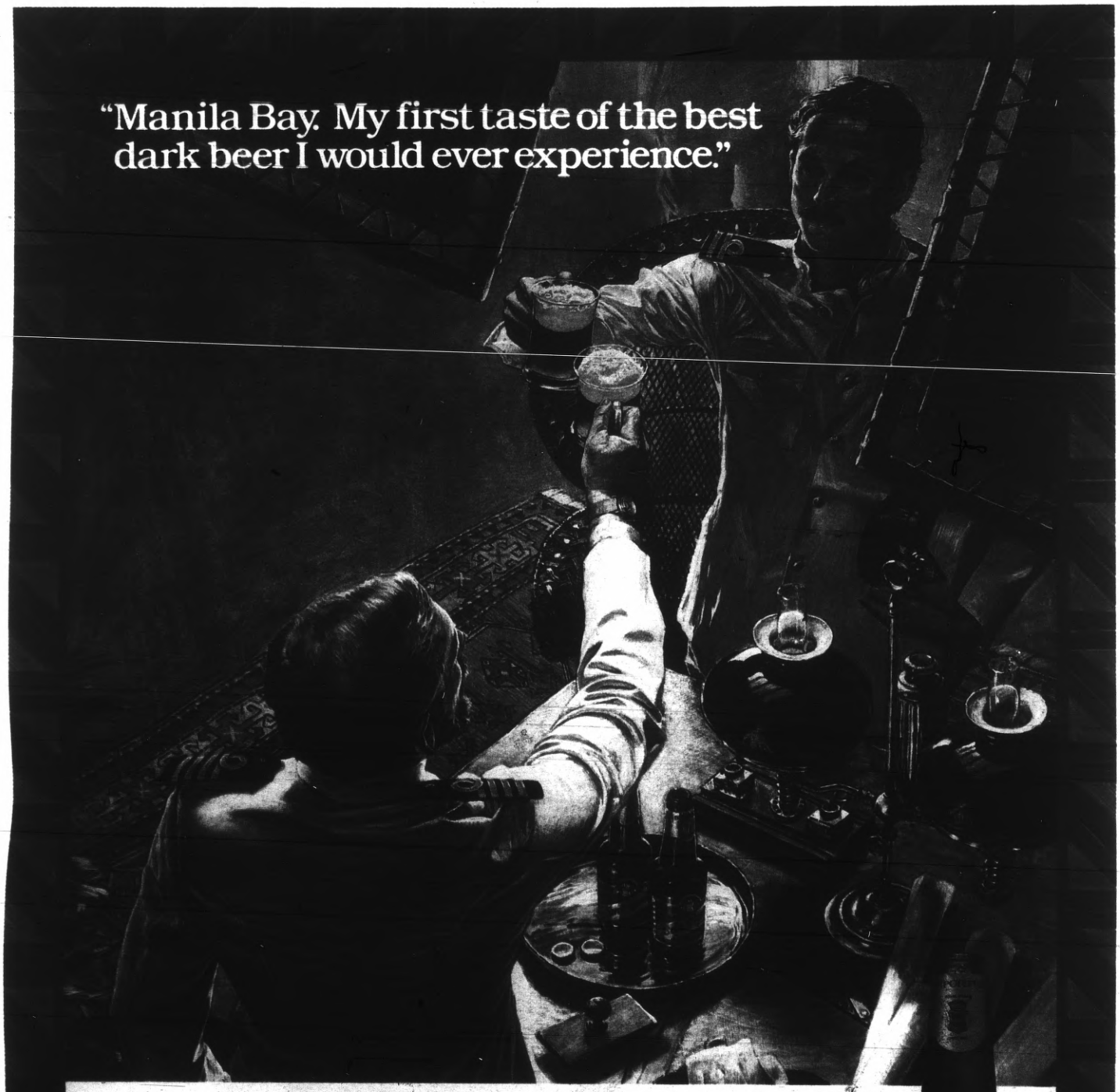
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